

Caught in His Orbit

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Summary: Hermione is stuck in the 1940s, unable to find her way back to her present. That would be horrifying in itself, but there was something else that was making her life even more miserable. Someone else. Tom Riddle.

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She was drunk. She knew that.

Hermione had never been anything but practical, and she felt as though she had the right to be drunk tonight. It was only fair.

I mean, fuck, she had been thrown back in time fifty years, while in the middle of the deadly battle, with just the clothes on her back.

And then she had to try to blend in. In the 1940s, in old fashioned Hogwarts, in Slytherin - which she still couldn't riddle out, ha, Riddle, fuck, she was so drunk, how did she get Sorted into Slytherin? The Mudblood scar was firmly Disillusioned on her arm, but every second she had to listen Rosier and Nott and all of them prattle on about the abomination that Muggles and their Muggle-born children were on the Earth "an 'insufferable blight' - right over Hermione's morning eggs and toast " God, she wanted to throw up.

Of course, the nausea Hermione was feeling was also the symptom of the Firewhiskey coursing through her veins at the moment. What else had been smuggled into those drinks? Hell if she knew. Fucking Slug Club.

Hermione snorted, the loud sound echoing throughout the chamber where she was currently standing. Her mind was surprisingly vulgar when intoxicated.

Hermione had known she wouldn't be able to hide her intelligence. And when _he_ was in every class with her, when _he_ recited perfect spells and flashed his white teeth, charming every girl that looked his way â€" Hermione knew she couldn't blend in. No, she swished and flicked and transfigured and brewed. In the 1940s, without the distractions of her current time, Hermione's magic was absolutely flourishing. She had lied, and had been placed a year behind where she was at Hogwarts in the present. _With him._ The old material just gave her more time to study, to perfect spells, to read. It's not like she had any friends here in the 1940s, anyway.

It had still been a surprise when she had been invited to this party. _But_, Hermione thought, _Slughorn just had to have every bright student attend, self-imposed social pariah or not_.

Hermione knew she had over done it in school. She had shown off too much, and suddenly found herself being stalked daily by Riddle's crew, their forms always a step behind her, like slimy shadows.

It had been weeks before he dared confront her directly. He was powerful, but wary. _And handsome, can't forget handsome_, Hermione's mind added with a giggle. Or was that her mouth? Had she just giggled out loud? Ooh, the floor was rolling.

But it wasn't just his wavy ink black hair and piercing icy eyes that attracted all the girls. _Hell, even Malfoy's great, great whatever is attractive_, Hermione thought.

No, it was his charisma. Tom Riddle's charisma. He was just so sure, so suave, even now, if Hermione really had been some clueless witch that had transferred because of Grindelwald's war, she would have felt it. His power. His magic. So raw, like a live wire. _Too bad it's going to waste_. The paintings on the wall were moving like Van Gogh's _Starry Night_, and Hermione felt as though someone had cast a _Muffilato_ charm on the door behind her. The party's noise was leaking out behind her, fading in and out like an old Muggle radio.

Why had she left the party? Hermione couldn't remember. What was she thinking of before? Home? Yes, that's why she had drunk so much. She was lost, alone. Hermione had lost hope of getting back to her time, of seeing Ron and Harry again. She had read every book in the damned library on time travel, even going into the Restricted Section, where she had met â€" _Oh, shit, that's why I left the party._

The crystal choker felt tighter around Hermione's neck, her breath growing short. Riddle had been following her all week, trying, inexplicably, to converse with her. He had tried to persuade her to join his little clique, his future Death Eaters; he'd been implacable.

Hermione knew personally that any person not with Tom Riddle was against him, and she was considered a threat â€" unless she became a part of his inner circle.

Hermione knew he would do something at the party. She just wasn't sure what. In hindsight, it was incredibly dumb of her to drink so much, but she could only withstand so much isolation, so much pain by

herself.

So here she was, in her dress like fire and her crystal choker. Her hair was tamed in the typical 1940s updo, and the scarlet in her dress brought out the honey inferno in her eyes. She was not a _Slytherin_, she was a Gryffindor.

Hermione could admit that she had something to prove tonight. That not only was she intelligent, but that she was beautiful. That she could not only be studious, but graceful. And so she danced, with Ravensclaws and Hufflepuffs and Slytherins and Gryffindors alike. Her skirts billowed around her like flames, her crystal heels flashing like lightning. Hermione's earrings swayed to rhythm of her feet, and she never felt so simultaneously full of air and breathless in her life.

Slughorn, the oblivious fool that he was, didn't notice the many drinks brought in by his star students, or maybe just didn't care. Ian Diggory, a particularly handsome ancestor of Cedric's, seemed to ply Hermione with an endless supply of those drinks. When he suggested they go somewhere private, Hermione had cursed him nonverbally with the Uncontrollable Itching Curse, and went on her merry way.

But she still got plastered.

So here she was, on the lookout for the future Dark Lord, outside of the party's madness.

The air in the corridor was cold, lifting goose bumps from Hermione's bare skin. The red translucent sleeves of her shoulderless dress did little to cover her. Hermione's feet ached in her slim heels, but her eyes couldn't seem to focus enough to undo the straps that secured them. Distantly, Hermione thought about bringing out her wand from the hidden pocket under the skirt of her dress, but every spell seemed to have slipped her mind.

Her head felt heavy, and she rested it against the cool stone of the chamber wall. _Mmm_, Hermione thought.

When had she made her way to end of the hallway, near the open window? No matter. She could see the stars from here. It must have been late, or early morning, because the sky was dark, constellations shining bright. Another frigid breeze blew in, and Hermione rubbed her gloved hands against her bare shoulders.

"A little cold there, Valois?"

Hermione was too inebriated to remember that Valois was her 'last name', too preoccupied with the fact that the stone floor was swirling in circles beneath her feet. But, upon belatedly recognizing the voice, Hermione felt a jolt of adrenaline flow through her, bringing with it a strike of clarity.

Hermione spun around so fast she thought she was going to be sick right there on the drafty stone floor, wobbling in her heels. "Riddle," Hermione breathed. Although, in her drunken state, it came out more like an undignified "Widuhl".

She wobbled again, her right hand fumbling down into the silk of her

dress. But it was too long, there were too many folds, _goddamn it_, why did she have to go with the traditional long gownâ€|

He was preternatural in the moonlight. It gleamed off his coiffed hair, his pale smooth skin. His lips shone blood red, like those of a vampire, and his eyes flashed with some dark intent. Riddle looked positively unearthly in his black suit, right off the pages of some sinful 1940s magazine. His teeth flashed white when he smiled. "It sounds as though Mr. Diggory managed to convince you to finally join in on the festivities of this school, _Hermione_." It was the first time Tom Riddle had ever used Hermione's first name, and she was scared. He sinuously began to move closer, prompting Hermione to instinctively back up â€" that was, until she reached the edge of the window.

Riddle made a tsking sound in the back of his throat, his wand hand disappearing into the dark folds of his jacket. "I think it's time we stop running from each other, wouldn't you agree?" He purred, stepping forward once again. "In fact, I know Slughorn is positively _aching_ for us to come in contact." Here, Riddle's smirk grew, growing uncomfortably wide, sinister. "He seemed to insinuate that we would make a _wonderful_ couple."

Riddle was now on top of Hermione, his warmth breath breezing upon her exposed collarbone. Hermione shook as she bent backwards, away, flinching as the cold stone hit the top of her spine. Riddle slipped a reassuring hand around to the small of her back, conveniently pulling himself even closer to her helpless form.

Hermione's head was buzzing, her wand a lost cause in the folds of her gown, her vision grower hazier by the minute. How many glasses of alcohol had she consumed? Four? Eight? _Ten?_

So stupid, so reckless, so unlike her.

As though looking upon the scene from above, Hermione saw Riddle's right hand, the one not touching her back, recede from the depths of his suit jacket, pulling out the white wood of his wand. She saw her hair blowing towards him in the breeze, curled tendrils escaping from the tightly wound chignon, floating gently in front of her, momentarily obscuring her vision. Hermione saw, distantly, the stone floor over Riddle's shoulders, their height difference especially noticeable in the close proximity.

Hermione watched the ground roll like a wave in the ocean, the swell heading straight for her. She stumbled, heels hitting the corner of the wall, knees failing beneath her, her body plunging backwards.

Hermione was just about to slide over the sill of the window, plunging to her embarrassingly mediocre death, when two strong hands caught around her waist, the outline of a wand pressing into her bare flesh.

Hermione's blurred gaze took in the night above, the streaks of stars. Her vision became blotted out with the outline of Tom Riddle's sharp face. His slick hair shone around his pale visage, one gelled curl escaping from the rest to lay across his forehead. "Yes," Riddle said, his lips a breath from Hermione's forehead. "I think it's time we got to know each other better, wouldn't you think?" He leaned even

closer, pressing into the fabric of her dress. His body heat emanated from beneath his clothes, engulfing her slim form, consuming her.

The last thing Hermione felt was Riddle's hands burning a path along the flesh of her back, claiming her, pulling her inside. Her vision grew dark, and she was caught in his orbit.

****A/N:**** Reviews are very much appreciated! My tumblr is the same as my username.

End
file.